

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XVIII.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 29, 1887.

[NUMBER 22.]

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A WISE Chinese teacher once said: "You cannot shut off the sky with your hand". Neither can we shut off social ignorance and delinquency by legislation. Law may accomplish much, but behind all external forces remains the fact that the soul itself must measure its need, write its law and become both maker and administrator of the good.

THE clamor of politics is for consistency, the "parties" are in search for men that they can "depend upon," but servility to a chalk-line is not the prophetic way. Better to go wrong rightly than to walk blindly in another's virtue. Not more conformists, but more men doing their own thinking, and enlarging their own individuality, is what the world needs.

IT is encouraging to see the labor papers quoting Channing; for while there is much definite work to be done in these days which Channing knew nothing of, his beautiful temper, coupled with his even finer plea for self-culture, have a bearing of profound importance to every man who can rise to the grandeur of the spiritual solution, which is the only real solution of the vexed problems of labor and capital before the world to-day.

LAST week, during the absence of the senior editor—the only one who knew about it—the office editor, in his desperate search for copy, came upon an article on "Unity Clubs", with no name attached. He found it "so well written" that he concluded to make an editorial of it, and in that department it appeared in our last issue. We are glad that UNITY was thus enriched; but we are very sorry that the name of Mary A. Safford, our minister at Sioux City, Iowa, should not have been attached. It was a paper read before the last Iowa Conference at Des Moines. The publication of it was unanimously requested. We

were only waiting the opportunity to insert it. Will our readers please re-read it and give due credit to whom credit belongs?

A LADY correspondent sends us a clipping from a newspaper, which speaks of the rapid growth of cigarette smoking among women. The thought is abhorrent, but, physically and morally, we cannot see how that can be a virtue, or harmless in man, which is a sin or evil among women. Perhaps, if the women begin to smoke, some men will take more thought of the loathsome habit.

WE are pained to learn, through a telegraphic dispatch to a morning paper, of the death of Doctor Eliot, of St. Louis, the venerable Patriarch of the Unitarian cause in the West. For fifty-five years he has labored in the city of his election for all that pertained to its higher life, and, more than it is the lot of most men, has made for himself a place in the heart of that people by his eminent service as an educator, philanthropist, and teacher of religion. Earnest, direct, and tireless he has left an example worthy of highest imitation. The dispatch referred to speaks of his death at Pass Christian, Miss., January 23d, and at present writing we have no further information.

ANOTHER wealthy American has taken steps to bless posterity by founding an institution of learning on the most generous basis. It is to be located in the city of Worcester, Massachusetts, and is to rival Harvard in its completeness. Where is the Chicago capitalist who will do that much needed thing for the great metropolis that is so poverty stricken in this direction? The majority of the trustees mentioned by Mr. Clark, of Worcester, are Unitarians. The Unitarian faith is poorly exemplified in Chicago if eventually it does not bloom into a noble institution that will foster art and learning.

THE McGlynn partisans in New York, who gave notice to Rome that it might send Westward as much religion as it chose but no politics, displayed themselves as wanting in that comprehensive spirit which acknowledges no separation between any two developments of honor. Considering that the rousing protest came from Catholics, it was brave and helpful; but remembering its attempted opposition of two things justly susceptible of union, its judgment is not altogether inspiring. "God and Morals"—"Religion and Politics"—are kindred misfortunes in thought and speech which men must finally outgrow.

H. L. T.

WHAT is the fishery question at issue between this country and Canada? Simply this: Canadian fishermen cannot prosper without our markets in which to sell their fish, but our laws demand that a certain duty must be paid by the Canadian on all fish brought and sold to our people. These laws are to "protect" American fishermen. Then the Canadians have determined by way of retaliation that our fishermen shall not enter their waters on any account, except possibly a case of life and death. Our people resent this, and there was a good deal of loud war talk in the senate of the United States on Monday that was unworthy of that body, and that ought to meet with severe con-

demnation everywhere. But it will not, and on the contrary some politicians will find it an excellent opportunity to make capital for themselves by what is called twisting the tail of the British lion.

U.

A FACT from the gospel history.—John the Baptist sent to Jesus to ask whether or not he were the Messiah. It afforded him an opportunity for declaring himself. It might seem to be his duty to do so; forbearance to assert his claim might be understood as a virtual denial of it. Yet for some reason or other he did not see fit to give an explicit answer. He replied in effect, You ask whether I am the Messiah; see what I am doing, and judge for yourselves.

It was naturally a day of rejoicing in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, January 23, when three hundred and eight persons were added to the membership of the church; but many good people will regret the intoxicating effect upon Mr. Talmage as shown in the rather bacchanalian rhetoric of his sermon:

"Let the church beneath raise up its right hand of congratulation and the church above reach down its right hand of joy, and while the two are clasped let the elders of the church put to our lips the wine of earthly celebration, and the cupbearers of heaven bring up out of the vaults of eternity the oldest wine, prepared by Him who trod the wine press alone, and so let two worlds at once keep jubilee!"

Less riotous but not less picturesque and striking is the passage in the same sermon, where the preacher describes the "storm" of the last day when "the cedars of the mountain will split in the hurricane and the continents shall be rent asunder, and the hemispheres shall whirl like a top", and "the beasts in affright will be pitched from the cliffs in an avalanche of terror", and then exclaims:

"My last resting place will probably be near yours. What if, when I get up in the resurrection day, I should see you rushing at me across the lots of the cemetery, and hear you cry: 'Why did you not tell me of this? If it had not been for your neglect, I should have been on the way to glory.' I cannot prepare myself for such a consternation."

THE new poem by James Russell Lowell published in the February *Atlantic* deals with modern thought and theology in a way not likely to please either skeptics or believers, conservatives or radicals. With the title "*Credidimus Jovem Regnare*", it is rather a confession of unwilling, disheartening doubt than a hymn of trust and faith. The attitude of the writer is that of one convinced against his will, who says to the destructive critics of all old philosophies and theologies, "I cannot resist your arguments, I see their truth; you are right; yours is the victory all along the line, but I'm sorry for it. I fear you can never build anything so good and beautiful as you have destroyed." But this attitude seems to be assumed to give emphasis to the thought that the new philosophy and the new theology cannot be any truer than the old, since it is no better—does no more for man, if as much. Churchmen can hardly enjoy such lines as these:

"There as I hopeless watch and wait
The last life-crushing coil of Fate
* * * * *
... proving that the title deeds,
Once all sufficient for men's needs,
Are palimpsests that scarce disguise
The tracings of still earlier lies,
Themselves as surely written o'er
An older fib erased before."

And some people will fail to enjoy this:

"nothing dances any more.
Nothing? Ah, yes, our tables do,
Drumming the Old One's own tattoo.
And, if the oracles be dumb,
Have we not mediums? Why be glum?
Fly thither? Why the very air
Is full of hinderance and despair!"

Speaking of Odin and Zeus and how they have been shown to be either savages or sun-myths, these lines appear:

"Lincoln will take the self-same track,
With years enough behind his back,
And prove, hulled fairly to the cob,
A mere vagary of Old Prob;
Give the right man a solar myth
And he'll confute the sun therewith."

And how will people of fine literary taste feel as they read this?

"Our dear and admirable Huxley
Cannot explain to me why ducks lay."

That is almost as bad as Browning could do. After arguing that modern thought throws no new light on the old problems, the following lines occur, and they will touch a popular chord:

"... I might as well
Obey the meeting-house's bell
And listen while Old Hundred pours
Forth through the summer-opened doors
From old and young. I hear it yet,
Swelled by bass-viol and clarinet,
While the gray minister with face
Radiant let loose his noble bass.
If heaven it reached not, yet its roll
Waked all the echoes of the soul,
And in it many a life found wings
To soar away from sordid things.
Church gone, and singers too, the song
Sings to me voiceless all night long,
Till my soul beckons me afar,
Glowing and trembling like a star.
Will any scientific touch
With my worn strings achieve as much?"

Altogether a noble poem, worthy of its author, likely to be more pleasing to those past fifty than to those younger; yet it is no doubt true that no age ever needed the words of its Nestors more than ours.

U.

"HOBBLEDEHOY SCHOLARSHIP."

In the report of a recent installation in a Massachusetts town the sermon, by one of our younger ministers, is spoken of as "a vigorous plea for 'preaching Christ' in opposition to the substitution of the teaching of philosophy, the giving of scientific lectures, and the resort to 'sensations'. The preacher's criticism of radicalism was exceedingly pungent. He described it as being crude, crass, without historic sense, and having only a 'hobbledehoy scholarship'." Supposing the sermon correctly reported, we quite agree with our young brother that the emphasis of preaching should be upon that which goes to the shaping of character and conduct, the application of religion to life, if this be what he meant to say; though even here some little acquaintance with philosophy and science might serviceably be brought to bear, as we conceive. We are glad, to see our young brother discountenancing "sensational" preaching. We are more struck, however, by the "pungency" than by the correctness of his rather sweeping criticism of "radicalism". Such characterizations depend very much, we have always noticed, on the "personal equation" of the speaker and his point of view. Theodore Parker was a man of large acquirements and wide reading, but his scholarship was regarded by some of his time as "crude and crass" and it was never recognized by a doctorate from our leading university as was that of many of his brother ministers far less learned than he. Those tendencies of thought somewhat vaguely classed under the term "radicalism" doubtless have their share of chaff with the grain, as have those tendencies also that are comprehended under the term "conservatism". But looking over our ministerial field to-day, or through the congregations in our churches, the line of sound learning is not one with the line of theological opinion, and radicalism, so-called, has no monopoly of "hobbledehoy scholarship." Our literature, our Sunday-school manuals and helps, our church-planting, our reform-

atory and philanthropic work during the last two decades, both here and abroad, owe as much to men and women of pronounced "radical" opinions as to those of "conservative" views, and in proportion to numbers perhaps more. That "historic sense", also, about which we are reminded so frequently, we hold to be very desirable, though it is a poor substitute for present vision in the making of a prophet. There never yet was an attempted advance in thought or usage which did not seem to the reputed wisdom of the time a great defect of "the historic sense", though the wisdom of a subsequent period has seen therein no defect nor break, but only a natural development and growth.

H.

EDITORIAL WANDERINGS.

Thirteen days' absence, five nights spent on the road, eight lectures and addresses, and the privilege of greeting and exchanging fellowship with friends and fellow-laborers at Meadville, Rochester, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and Cleveland, represent the recent "outing" of the senior editor of this paper. At Meadville he found the heartiest reception and largest welcome received since he left that city, so beautiful for situation, a callow fledgling of the Theological School, nearly seventeen years ago. The lecture on Tuesday evening, in Library Hall, on Millet, the French peasant painter, with stereopticon illustrations; the one on George Eliot, delivered Wednesday morning before the "Society of the Inquiry" in the chapel of the Divinity School, and the one on Robert Browning, on Wednesday evening, in the chapel of the Unitarian church, were all largely attended. He found the Theological school fuller than it has ever been "in the memory of the present generation." Thirty-one students are enrolled, four of whom are women. The students are alive, earnest and progressive, keenly interested in the questions of current thought. So quietly has his work been done, so rapidly have the years flown, that many of the graduates will share our surprise on learning that with this year Professor Cary completes the twenty-fifth year of labor in the school—years of such wise and efficient counsel. Professor Cary is a teacher by Divine appointment, foreordained to be the mentor to students,—a man who has ever been abreast of the times, alert to catch the newest thought, and anxious to be just to every phase of faith and line of inquiry. Scores of his old pupils will be glad to hear that the good Professor is approaching his quarter-centennial looking younger and better than he used to. May he live to receive the benedictions of his pupils at Meadville on his semi-centennial anniversary.

At Rochester we found Brother Mann happy and prosperous. A goodly audience listened to the lecture on Browning in the chapel, which of itself would be a nice little Unitarian meeting house if it were not for the imposing gothic structure across the way, which receives the Sunday audience.

At Brooklyn, which was the objective point of this missionary scout, "ye editor" preached Sunday morning and evening to hearty congregations in Mr. Chadwick's church, the architecture of which is so quiet, restful, simple and home-like, that we wonder that it has not been more copied among us. The occupants of the rectory were happily agitated over the prospects of an European trip which the appreciative parish have recently arranged for the good parson and his wife. Monday morning three things in New York city must be seen in one half day. What guide so welcome as Mr. Bellows, the secretary of the National Conference? The first thing was the new bronze bas-relief of Dr. Henry W. Bellows, in All Souls Church, a work of art to be seen and remembered by any one, particularly by those who were once moved by the mighty presence and the splendid humanity of the great preacher. The second thing to be seen was Muncasky's "Christ before Pilate", a picture the power of which we had anticipated in the etchings extant, of which we have previously spoken in these columns.

The original relieves the central figure from a certain haunting suspicion of bitterness and severity in the face which we see in the etching; but the intense pain, supreme anguish, and serene independence, amounting almost to defiance, remain as they ought to. The color brings a softness and a beauty into a picture which in the etching is necessarily grim, the figure of Christ, which in the latter appears darkly brunette, in the picture is softened into a blonde. This picture has but just begun its journey through America; let all who can, see it, if for no other reason than to find proofs that the story of the Nazarene and the dignity of his life has not lost its art-inspiring power, and that the rational standpoint of modern thought which this artist occupies is, to say the least, not inferior in artistic inspirations to the super-naturalism of the old masters. The last thing to be seen in New York was the Hamilton "Vocalion"—the new musical instrument that for a quarter of the money, and a greater reduction in space, is to give our poor churches and chapels a fair substitute for the pipe organ which we cannot attain to. This instrument is highly recommended by such musicians as Arthur Sullivan, Patti, Damrosch and others. Secretary Bellows, who has ears, which "ye editor" has not, was favorably impressed with the volume and quality of the tone. If we only had had seven hundred and fifty dollars, we would have been glad to have taken one of the instruments home, to give it the trial in All Souls Church which some heroic Unitarian society must give in order to be sure that it is just the thing which at least a dozen of our Unitarian societies in the West are now needing. We do not yet see the way, but hope it will open for us to speak of this promising instrument as one we have tried.

Philadelphia was our next point, where we enjoyed a love feast with the Ames, Clifford Weston, our faithful correspondent "H. L. T.", Mr. Gannett (who was sojourning there for a few days), and some new faces that henceforth will remain with us as old friends. At Washington the beautiful chapel of All Souls Church was filled with an audience that listened to our discourse on Browning. Our first and only day in the capital of our country was made at least a week long through the courtesy and intelligence of Major Hills, a UNITY subscriber. The wealth and beauty of that day must touch our columns at other times, if at all. Eighteen hours, most of them dark ones, and we were in Cleveland, picking up the one stitch which fate and the railroads compelled us to drop on our way out. We told our Browning story for the fourth time on the trip to a chapel full of people, who by their presence and interest proved that there is that in Robert Browning that touches the human soul and is destined to feed the popular heart. If there is in the Unitarian fellowship another church where the relation of pastor and people is sunnier, more helpful and more industrious in good things than the Church of the Unity in Cleveland, we would gladly travel far to give them a lecture on Browning. Nine hours by the "limited express" brought the editor home by Saturday noon. Much of the Sunday morning's sermon was carved out of this missionary experience, and the editorial which Monday morning yields is this.

IN No. 86 of the *Humboldt Library* are reprinted the essays of William Kingdon Clifford upon "The Unseen Universe" and "The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences". We have often had occasion before to commend the excellent work done through this cheap publication by J. Fitzgerald, of New York, but nothing of a more inspiring and really valuable sort has been given to the public in this form than in this number.

It is the evil in me which makes me envious against the workers of iniquity.

W. W.

Contributed Articles.

A VOICE IN THE RAIN.

The soft rain falleth, falleth, falleth,
Through all the twilight hour;
A sweet voice calleth, calleth, calleth,
Above the murm'ring shower:
"Let the gentle rain-drops fall
Softly, softly over all!
Let the mild and healing flood
Gently, gently cool thy blood,
'Till passion flees forever far,
Quaffing, quaffing deep the shower
Whose crystal drops reveal a fount,
Whose home beyond the cloud-capped mount
Is nearest God."

EUGENE ASHTON.

THE WHITE CROSS AND SOCIAL PURITY.

Of all the manifold, important work which bears the impress of the organizing methods of the present age, none is more valuable than that done under one or other of the above names. The cross, the symbol of personal suffering for universal good, and purity, lifted from individual relationship into social action, have both become the motor power by which fresh enthusiasts, church influence, diocesan recommendations, practical men and women, are endeavoring to make personal purity connected with the farthest reaches of governmental science. Two distinct organizations are known under the name of the White Cross and of Social Purity; intimately connected with each other in purpose and methods, they are yet independent. The White Cross stands first in priority of time and in extent of organization. It came into being early in 1883, through the fervid eloquence of Miss Ellice Hopkins, of England, who, in her work, soon recognized that the "weary hammering away at degraded women, while leaving all the causes which made them degraded untouched" is not "a very fruitful method". She herself ascribes "the parentage of the movement" to the Bishop of Durham,—and in the hope of forming a higher and purer public opinion, and of obtaining right legislation, which should recognize that the man who degrades a woman is equal offender with the woman, the "army" mustered its recruits. The word "army" was chosen as suggesting disciplined strength and the organized force needed in attacking a great organized evil. Purity, it was thought, was best denoted by its symbolic color; the word cross was chosen "because the whole movement is based on the perfect manhood of our Lord." It is obligatory, if the name White Cross is assumed, to accept the five White Cross obligations, without alteration, which read as follows:

I PROMISE BY THE HELP OF GOD

1. To treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation.
2. To endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests.
3. To maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women.
4. To endeavor to spread these principles among my companions, and to try and help my younger brothers.
5. To use every possible means to fulfill the command, "Keep THYSELF pure."

The army spread all over the English speaking world, taking strong hold in Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh. The White Cross series of pamphlets was begun. The *Union Signal* and *The Philanthropist* in this country, and *The Sentinel* in England added the weight of their special columns to the support of the movement. Members were enrolled by thousands, earnest, reverent and prayerful, as they owned allegiance to the White Cross.

The age of full membership was fixed at eighteen, though from sixteen to eighteen boys join as probationers and can be excluded by a committee from any particular meeting, should it be thought advisable. The work, undenominational, is yet always religious, the meetings are opened and closed with prayer, and divine grace is relied upon as means of help. By spiritual truth, by literature, by legislation (especially in regard to a national marriage law and the "age of covenant") and by organization, does the White Cross hope to establish purity as the strength of individual, family and national life. The organization of a branch can be effected whenever a few persons desire to establish such an union, which can widen into a large association; or, the White Cross can be attached to already existing societies.

Within a very short time a "Declaration" has been issued, signed by bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, stating their cordial approval of the objects and methods of the White Cross and recommending its pledge, while yet acknowledging that the words themselves "form a recognition of the baptismal vow."

In this country the White Cross took visible shape through the devotion and leadership of Dr. B. F. DeCosta, who organized the first branch in his own parish of St. John the Evangelist, in February, 1884, largely after the English plan. Letters and requests were soon sent him from all parts of the country, mothers appealed to him on behalf of their sons, societies applied for affiliation; wrong ideas prevailed which needed correction, and none but a man as able, as strong and as single-hearted as Dr. DeCosta could have carried on this immense correspondence and organizing process. The temperance movement soon espoused the purity alliance, for the "White Ribbon", the temperance badge, is companion in its symbolism to the White Cross.

There is no doubt but that, carefully and wisely guarded as have been the purposes and methods of the White Cross, societies or unions assuming that name have not always been wise in regard to spoken or written discourse and to limits of membership. The real White Cross is a society for men, and "absolutely prohibits societies and circles composed of the two sexes." This, lately, has been very explicitly stated, as, for instance, in the declaration of the bishops, to which reference has already been made, wherein it is said that, though the White Cross society is designed for men, its object may be advanced very materially by women of prudence and experience engaging in work for the benefit of their own sex.

The White Cross has received an impetus through the reorganization of one of the already existing departments of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which "co-operating with the White Cross" has formed "a Department for the Promotion of Social Purity: the aim being to save women through the means of women while extending the circulation of White Cross literature among men". Miss Frances Willard, its head of this movement, has been especially assisted by Mrs. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who has prepared a series of topics for mothers' meetings. At first a card was issued bearing the stamp of the cross and entitled "Woman's Pledge for Purity", followed by five promises. Because of the symbol of the cross and the similarity of language the card might carelessly be considered as identical with the White Cross pledge for men. This misapprehension, however, is now removed by the "obligations" finally decided upon, printed on a card entitled "Daughters of the Temple", and which reads thus:

I PROMISE BY THE HELP OF GOD

1. To reverence all sacred things, and to be modest in language, behavior and dress.
2. To repress all thoughts, words and deeds which I should feel ashamed to have my parents know.
3. To avoid all conversation, reading, pictures and amusements, which may put wrong thoughts into my mind.

4. To guard the purity and good name of my companions and friends; and never needlessly to speak evil of any, especially when they are absent.

5. To strive after the special blessing promised to the pure in heart.

This work of social purity has been taken up by the temperance societies far and wide, and will do an incalculable amount of good. It has extended itself under varying names for one general purpose. To the purpose we sing a glad amen; not forgetting meanwhile the individual and organized work that has long been done for the same end, but with less evangelical phraseology. Yet, it will be found much harder to apply the same methods of work among women than among men, for be it borne in mind that "this covenant is for girls"—i. e. for the bad, the good, the indifferent. To the first it will probably be of benefit; to the second it may be needless, to the third class it may or may not be helpful, for, couched as the covenant is in careful words, one cannot help reading between the lines and wondering if purity is different from truth in character and speech, from ethical resolves or lowly prayers. All such special instruction should be the blessed privilege of a wise and happy mother, yet as there are thousands of daughters who are motherless, either in fact or in sympathy, this pledge may be to them an impulse to rectitude and a bulwark of salvation. To the great mass of people who feel the living thrill that comes from organization and from a promise to be repeated down the ages and transformed into a vision of supernal joy by the words of Jesus, this covenant will be a means of grace. But to those who humbly dread the solemnity of promise, lest truth and courage be weakened by its transgression,—to those whose clear insight takes purity as nature's open law, which needs no discourse save that of reverence,—and to those to whom purity is the mystic revelation of peace and love,—to all these the organizing methods will seem complex and weighty in proportion to their preference for concerted or individual action.

Though we may all need pharmacopœia for spiritual ills, the very intangibility of purity makes us slow to formulate rules for its growth. It is so largely the outcome of righteousness that all high living and noble thinking is stamped with its grace. Under the guidance of the wise in spirit and in knowledge, who do not misuse physiology or fervid appeal, the social purity work, in spite of any individual preference for less of formula, will rank with the White Cross as one of the most blessed agencies towards a truer life. There are myriads of persons who will pause because of this new formulated crusade against evil with its clarion sounds and earnest methods. There are always cycles in reform. Forever have the saint and ascetic, the philanthropist and teacher called upon humanity to hold itself as the temple of God, and forever has the call been answered by monk and nun, by fathers and mothers, by all the world's helpers. Still evil has existed, for finite time is very short in which to learn self-restraint, and now comes an appeal as with the voice of a multitude crying, Be ye holy. But it is the multitude of the nineteenth century whose fervid zeal hides the Infinite Patience and who would combat sin with aggressive, disciplined force. Then let us bid the host of workers welcome, let us aid them by our presence, our sympathy and our active interest. Just now the world needs organization in all its moods and for all its ends, and surely there never was a nobler end than that which already counts its adherents by legion. Only we always remember that after every agitation, every victory, there cometh the still voice of infinite peace, of abiding trust.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.

BOSTON.

I JUDGE that my orthodox neighbor has never reduced the words and phrases which he uses to consciousness, nor meditated on what is implied in the doctrines which he professes.

W. W.

THE VALUE OF INTELLECTUAL WARES.

Mrs. Fawcett in her little book on Political Economy defines a preacher's work as unproductive. This is most certainly the case if she had in mind the number of funeral sermons he preached and the "thank yous" he received as a compensation. But Political Economy is not to settle such difficulties, but it is to show that a clergyman is a superfluous parasite of society, feeding upon material wealth yet contributing nothing to the commonwealth, and that his sermons are quite unproductive. I can imagine what a shot this is at many of those prosy, conservative and insipid churchmen of England who are big consumers and poor producers, who are "round, smooth-faced oily men of God" and as Howard affirmed, "rich, fat and holy", but who fail to give an original idea in their sermons or materially help along the world. But when she hurls an anathema at the ministry or teachers and describes a policeman as of more importance to society, I think that she is unreasonable as well as illogical. The men who purchase and sell "intellectual wares" are as surely producers as those who hammer out a horse shoe, or make a tin pail, or carve a chair. Economists are apt to be deceivers, and their habit of whittling arguments to a fine point, cutting up differences and selecting their terms with microscopic preciseness, makes them sometimes strain at a gnat only to swallow a camel in return. I can understand how she could make such a glaring error just as I can see how Drummond tried to make natural law explain every phenomenon of creed, or doctrine, or of spirit. But the enactment of the statesman which will turn the tide of civilization so that poverty will be lessened and our markets gluttonized with produce and commodity will be rid of their stuff, the sermon of the preacher which will close the saloons and houses of ill fame and make men temperate and virtuous, the essay of the teacher which will make the young men and women under his charge industrious, these things are directly productive of good, however much Political Economy may theorize to the contrary. I wish, however, that the people could see it in this light, then perhaps they would pay more liberally for "intellectual wares", then this stock would rise in the scale of value, then ministers would be served as well at funerals as undertakers, and the things which make for righteousness in the best and highest sense would be happily appreciated. Let us make some difference which may have a distinction.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

SYRACUSE, New York.

The Study Table.

Familiar Quotations, Ancient and Modern. Familiar Quotations from German and Spanish authors. Familiar Quotations from French and Italian authors. Familiar Quotations from Latin authors. Familiar Quotations from Greek authors. All published by George Routledge & Sons, London. New York: 9 Lafayette Place. \$10.00.

These five volumes of seven hundred pages each constitute a veritable cyclopedia of quotations without a rival in English, so far as we know. They are of inestimable value to scholars and general readers; and this in more than one way. Their most obvious use is as a dictionary to enable one to find the source of a quotation when he hears or meets it in reading without the author's name. There is another use of such a collection of quotations more important still. If it be true, as some one has said, that properly to write on any subject means first, to think himself empty on it, then to read himself full, and finally to find some one to talk with about it, I would add to these three directions a fourth, namely, to consult at last all the pithy, terse and admirable sayings on the topic which can be gathered; for this will serve both style and thought often, and will grace and point a sentence wonderfully well, being a full epitome of our own thinkings, and sometimes being nobly eloquent as well as highly condensed.

Also, they serve in thought. No less an authority than Bacon has called such sayings "edged tools of speech". They will sometimes cut a path for one to a new journey. It means a great deal when a man can seize a quotation and use it. Emerson says that a genius to quote is second only to the genius that made the original. To follow a wide suggestion, an illustration or a poetical hint, and cling to the end till it leads to some new quarry, this is an intellectual feat very often, and a quotation may give this first hint. Of course, the best quotations and the best use of them happen when a reader has lighted on them himself in his own reading; but one cannot read all literature. To think it unworkmanlike, unintelligent or in any way unworthy to receive help intellectually or in the feats of writing is as absurd as if a man were to insist on doing every office for himself, even to the manufacturing of his own boots and tin pails.

The full title page of the volume called "English and Modern" is as follows: "Familiar Quotations, with Parallel Passages from Various Writers, by J. C. Grocott, with an Appendix containing Quotations from American Authors, by Anna L. Ward, co-editor of 'The Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations'. George Routledge & Sons, London. New York: 9 Lafayette Place."

This is arranged under subjects or titles alphabetically like a dictionary; but besides this it has a concordance to the quotations, filling eighty-eight pages in double columns, and besides this an index of the authors quoted, the pages of the quotations being given after each name. This volume is wholly English, the quotations from foreign authors being in translation.

J. V. B.

Aphorisms of the Three Threes. By Edward Owings Towne. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. \$1.00.

In the presence of "The Wit and Wisdom of George Eliot," and other books of almost equal rank, a new book of aphorisms must be strong, indeed, to deserve any attention, or get any sympathy, and it is a daring enterprise for a writer to risk his reputation as a thinker, by putting before the public a work which professes to be composed of wise or witty, or original thoughts.

In the "Aphorisms of the Three Threes", by Edward Owings Towne, we have a thoughtful little book to which we can turn with much pleasure and profit, although our tables are covered with gems of fine thought from the writings of the mighty dead or the illustrious living.

The philosophy of the present age has some amusing phases not unlike the chivalry of ancient times. Like dear old Don Quixote, it often rides out in search of fair ladies to protect, wrongs to right, humanities to uplift, and often succeeds only in making itself ridiculous, in injuring beyond repair the people it professes to help, and greatingening the abuses it pretends to correct. As the Don sat on his lean beast at the meeting of two highways, to consider carefully which road to take, and finally allowed Rozinante to follow the leadings of his own nature (which were, of course, in the direction of the stable), because in consulting the "Cid", the gentle knight had found it to be the custom of chivalry to allow brutes to decide what was for the best, so it is not uncommon to find some philosopher of the present day whose head has been turned by the philosophy of Ruskin, or Carlyle, or Emerson, or some other ethical writer, whom he selects as an oracle, and only as his thoughts and actions tally with the theories of his chosen "Cid" will he allow himself to think or act.

The man who takes Emerson for his "Cid", who arranges his thoughts as well as his cravat according to Emerson, who smiles according to Emerson, who eats, drinks and sleeps according to Emerson, and who makes love according to Emerson, is probably the most typical Don Quixote of this century. He has all of Emerson's narrowness without any of his breadth or magnanimity. From the unsatisfactory incarnate negation of the Emersonian Don Quixote, with his foreground of sophistries

and his background of selfishness, it is a pleasure to turn to the old-fashioned, frank, plain aphorisms of Mr. Towne, with their Baconian ring and stamp. They remind us of the time when men were simple, when they spoke commonly in grand sentences, and had not reasoned treachery into a virtue. In Mr. Towne's book there is no trace of Don Quixotism, no speaking according to precedent, no aim at tallying with a "Cid". Many of his aphorisms are indeed "the sum of long reflections," and all of them are thought-provoking; not a few of them are otherwise provoking as well. "If sin be beautiful it is no longer sin" is a very questionable statement, as is also "Almost every vice can be shown to have its origin in some other vice". The truth is that almost every vice is the result of mistaken methods in earnest endeavors to come at the right. "The greatest harm that some men can do a woman is to love her" is quite a fallacious saying since it depends entirely on the feelings of the woman toward the man as to whether she is hurt or not by his love. The hurt lies entirely in her opinion as to whether she is hurt or not. "Women write as they dress—to be admired" may be true of a low type of women, as it is true of a low type of men. Just imagine Elizabeth Barrett Browning or George Eliot writing to be admired. Such an "aphorism" is entirely out of place in a book that pretends to dignity, since it is only a commonplace newspaper vulgarism. "If Christianity were not the true religion its ministers would have killed it long ago" is surely a novel proof of the truth of Christianity, and a remarkably good one. "A woman never sincerely hates a man whom she has not loved" is a variation of the old adage "Love may turn to hate, but to indifference never." This is a sentiment that has always stood for the truth, and probably always will since love and hate are different forms of the same energy—convertible, one into the other—as is the light that strengthens, to the heat that destroys. This is one of the thoughts wherein our author stands separated from the fallacy of modern transcendentalists. "Every shock to love is a bargain for hate" now, just as it always was.

That "Poverty is often an anchor," that "Memory is a good staff but poor sword", that "Passionate memories are sometimes more powerful than present emotions", that "Pity for others is courage", that "Wit is wisdom's playground", that "Applause is the paradise of fools", are sentiments worthy of any writer.

Turning from the inside of the book to the outside—we are interested and instructed by the design on the cover, which is a very deft sketch of the "Three Threes" at dinner. We at once recognize them as Chicago men by the combination of scholarly faces with business-like attitudes—though we can identify but few of them.

MARY E. BURT.

The Emancipation of Massachusetts. By Brooks Adams. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

This is a book of import and of interest. Under the title of "The Emancipation of Massachusetts" the author traces the growth of the state from the position which he assigns it in the beginning, namely, that of a fierce Theocracy, into pure religious liberty. The story is a painful, yet a heroic one. The author writes with great enthusiasm of style, and with power. In the last two pages he thus sums up: "The exiles of the Reformation were enthusiasts, for none would then have defied the pains of heresy, in whom the instinct onward was feebler than the fear of death; yet when the wanderers reached America the mental growth of the majority had culminated, and they had passed into the age of routine, and exactly in proportion as their youthful inspiration had been fervid was their later formalism intense. But similar causes acting on the human mechanism produce like results; hence bigotry and ambition fed by power led to persecution. Then as the despotism of the preachers deepened, their victims groaning in their dungeons, or furrowed by their lash, implored

the aid of England, who, in defense of freedom and law, crushed the theocracy at a blow." * * * "And so, through toil and suffering, through martyrdoms and war, the Puritans wrought out the ancient destiny which fated them to wander as outcasts to the desolate New England shore; there, amidst hardship and apparent failure, they slowly achieved their civil and religious liberty, and conceived that constitutional system which is the root of our national life." The book has an ample index of 17 pages in double columns, and otherwise is excellently made and handsomely printed on good laid paper. The chapters have such titles as "The Commonwealth", "The Antinomians", "The Quakers", "The Witchcraft", "Brattle Church", "Harvard College", etc. It is a book to be read with attentive care and thought. The opening of the chapter on Harvard college certainly contains an uncommon judgment, and is as curious in analysis and illustration as it is bold.

Correspondence.

DEAR UNITY: As graduates of the Warren Street Chapel are scattered all over the world, UNITY will confer a favor by a word concerning Mr. Vose. His pleasant face will no longer be seen, except with memory's eyes. He had his beloved chapel not only on his brain but in his heart. For fifty years his thoughts, sympathies and labors in its behalf were incessant. He lived through its hard times and its pleasant times to take part in its semi-centennial celebration. He was a man of few words but of remarkable judgment. Thousands of children and youth have been made better and happier by his life. W. G. B.

The Dome.

A STORY OF A MOUNTAIN.

Though the earth be round, yet as it is so large a sphere that wherever one stand on it it looks like a flat plain, unless there be hills and hollows in it, it is not strange that man always has spoken of an up and a down. If from the beginning men had understood that the earth was round, surely they would not have had so much to say of things being up or down, for they would have known that the sky to which their heads pointed encircled the earth so that their feet pointed to it also; whence it happens that it would have made room for a great difference in religion if men had known always that the earth was shaped like an orange. For because they thought it flat, and saw the blue and beautiful sky bending over it like a great hollow cup, and in that cup the sun and moon and stars supported, they thought not only that the earth was *down* and the sky *up*, but that in that sky, or even above it, there was a heaven—a beautiful, glorious, shining court, where God lived. Now very likely from this it happened that men, for many ages, have expressed goodness by the word *up*, and evil by the word *down*; very likely, I say, this is because going up was going toward the heavenly dwelling, and going down was going away from it into the earth. Whether that be so no one can be sure, but sure it is that men speak of an increase in goodness as a rising, an elevation, a going up, and an increase in evil as a falling, a decline, a going down. Sometimes men thought that the heavens rested on a great high mountain, so that if one could only climb up this gigantic hill high enough, he could climb into heaven; but that was a very hard thing to do, and perhaps impossible, while it was not hard at all to roll down the hill. Even if one had climbed a good way up, and no longer tried to climb, but simply let

himself go, he would roll down without any trying, and keep on rolling to the bottom. Perhaps it was from this idea, namely, that the heavens lay on the top of some high mountain, that goodness came to be called, not only a going up, but a climbing; because men have always found it a hard work to grow better—as hard as climbing up a mountain, but very easy to grow worse—as easy as rolling down a hill.

Now, besides these views, men always have understood that wherever there was goodness there was safety and quiet. Go as far back as you please, and however men have acted, they have always said that goodness and truthfulness and virtue were the safe and the strong things; that these things would stay unharmed and steady; and that they live in a kind of quiet which is not reached or shaken by any storms or riots or dangers. It is true that although always they have said this, often they acted otherwise and chose the bad, while they said it was unsafe to let go the good; while they said that it alone was strong and peaceful. But this was not merely so ages ago, but is so still; for although men know even better than ever before that the strong, the quiet, the unshaken, the lasting thing is the true and good thing, yet they go on taking and trusting to the bad thing just as if they know not that it is weak; but, as I have said, they know that only the good is strong and quiet, and always they have known it.

Now, these two ideas, that the good lies upward and that the good is quiet and unshaken and at peace, are expressed in the form of a little story springing out of the heart of a people long ago. It is a true story because it expresses these true ideas, and it is a story because it puts these thoughts in the form of some incidents which are not true as facts but are true as thoughts. That is very often the case, and the greater the thoughts and the grander the writings in which the thoughts are, the more often we find such stories in the olden times; for example: I would say the story of the going up of men into heaven, as the old Bible tells us Elijah did, and as the New Testament says Jesus did, are such stories, for they happened not just so and could not so have happened, for we know very well that men are not caught up into the air in their bodies to vanish into the sky; nevertheless these stories are true in thought, for they mean that these holy prophets were so good and so lofty in spirit that they rose up above all trouble and all force, high into the clear place where goodness lies unshaken and quiet.

Here is the story which I had in mind at the beginning, which I have met in the writings of an old traveler. He tells of a very high mountain which lifted its head so far into the air that it towered high above the storms, so that where its peak was there was always both quiet and peace. One day some good men and scholars climbed up to the top of it and they wrote their names in the fine dust that lay on the top and then came down. After a long time, again they went up the mountain, even to the peak, and there, behold! they found their names still written clearly in the dust, because there had not been so much as a breath of wind to break the quiet of that high place.

This is a very short story, but I think a pleasant one. It is very true; its meaning cannot be mistaken. Probably it grew from the two ideas that goodness lies up above, and that it is perfect peace. Surely it speaks these thoughts very plainly; for any one would be greatly astonished to find his name, that was written in dust, still plain and living—any one, I say, would be surprised to find this unless he knew and bethought him how serene, unmoved and peaceful the high places of goodness are.

EACH day's a small copy of all a long life.

As it brightly begins, do not you be the one
To bring clouds to one face by an angry breeze—
For you cannot forget it when daylight is done.

M. H. H. W.

UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James Vila Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John B. Efinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin E. Champlin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tamba Lyche, Oelia P. Wootley, Emma Endicott Marean, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Cleveland.—On Friday evening, 21st instant, Rev. J. L. Jones gave his lecture upon Robert Browning in Unity Church parlors, under the auspices of the Unity Club, to an appreciative and large company. The local papers next day gave good reports, the column notice of the *Plaindealer* being a specially good resumé of the lecture. The lecture has since been spoken of in the highest terms by those who heard it. Both in choice and arrangement of its matter it was an excellent presentation of the man and his poetry, and was enjoyed by those little acquainted with this author as well as by the more special students of Browning, a number of whom were in the audience.

—The regular meeting of the Unity Club on the 20th instant was made a public one, the programme consisting of the reading of "Nathan the Wise", different members taking the different characters. The drama was cut down to an hour and a half in time, but kept the connection of its movement and the moral. It is a very gratifying thing when such a work can make so interesting an evening to a general audience. It is encouragement and motive to reach higher than for mere "entertainment" in our church clubs and associations. The work of the club the present season has been the best since its organization. The general subject has been a study of Germany. Three or four papers have come into each evening's programme, several evenings closing with a sketch of some musical composer and selections from his works. Many new and valuable members have come into the club.

Philadelphia.—The Methodists here have lost one of their preachers in the person of a certain William M. Gilbert, who has announced a change of heart in the direction of Theism and resigned therefore all orthodox responsibilities.

—Dr. Furness has had his anniversary greeting from a noble circle of well-wishers.

—I have met with one of Mr. Blake's poems credited to the *New York Mercury*.

—Fred A. Bisbee (Universalist), in a sermon a week ago on "Infidelity", seemed to think Rationalism wholly a natural reaction from the severity of orthodox doctrines. Mr. Bisbee pauses too soon, however, if he thinks this tells the whole tale.

—The Library Association connected with the First Unitarian Church has, I hear, had a successful year of it with their coffee and reading rooms in the chapel. It has seemed that the nominal charges entailed for atten-

tion to these daily opportunities has held a certain constituency hard by the project. "Street boys and homeless men", the recipients of this kindness, seem not loth to acknowledge it. An Agassiz class has sought and found the interest of the younger attendants this winter. There is a novel sweetness about this work, and I am glad to be able to note its existence and credit the ladies who most espouse it. As the chapel of the church finds in this scheme its main present occupancy, there is seen to be a peculiarity about the experiment by which churches in general might profit.

—One evening recently the Germantown people came down to Mr. Ames' church and gave there a most enjoyable old-folks' concert, fashioned after a programme previously successful at home.

—Mr. Gannett's address to the Ethical Culture Society, though not written for that occasion, produced a profound impression, such as might follow the words of a prophet. Audience and speaker, *en rapport*, were nearer allied in that matter of ethics than many among Unitarians and ethical culturists whose formal union is presumed to be perfect.

—Howard N. Brown lectured in the Camden church on Monday, the 17th, upon the relations sustained between religion and political economy.

—Mr. Jones came here, discoursed with certain near friends, scarcely winked over this big town, and departed, all in a meager two days, in which those who might have sought to do him reverence failed of every opportunity.

—Weston is shortly to speak in some course instituted by Quakers up-town.

—Sheldon lectures here on the second Tuesday in February, in place of Weston, who occupies Sheldon's platform in St. Louis on the first and following Sundays.

—Professor James will probably speak before the Ethical Culture Society on "Child Labor" at the first meeting next month.

—At the second formal meeting of the new club (which still lingers on the portals of a name), N. H. Dole, literary editor of the *Press*, a man of broad mental habits, treated of Russian literature in an informal talk which was described to me as quite effective.

H. L. T.

Theodore Parker's Grave.—*Dear Unity:* I send you the following extract from a private letter dated at Florence, January 2, just received, which may interest the friends of Theodore Parker, and especially those who have been made anxious about the condition of his burial place. The author has been for some years a member of the *Church of the Unity*, and his statement on any subject may be trusted. Sincerely,

J. C. LEARNED.

ST. LOUIS, January 18, 1887.

"It may interest you to know that Mrs. D. and myself have to-day visited the grave of Theodore Parker, in the Protestant cemetery of the fair Italian city. He is undoubtedly the most famous occupant of the little Campo Santo, and many pilgrims come on the same errand as ourselves, for when we asked the gate-keeper—a native—whether 'Mr. Parker was buried there', she smiled an affirmative and sent a girl of four or five to show us the way. I noticed that the path leading to the place was well worn. The grave is on a gentle hillside from which there is a fine view of the mountainous peaks now covered with snow, in whose lap Florence reposes. The tablet—of which you have seen pictures—is of very dark sandstone, the side pieces which inclose the grave are of the same material. The simple inscription you know. The place is seemingly well cared for, and the leaves I inclose are from a thrifty rose-bush growing on the sod which covers the sacred dust. I had with me the 'Ten Sermons of Religion' (English edition), which has the prayers attached, and I read over the

grave the last prayer in that collection—the one made in Music Hall, Boston, January 2, 1859—just twenty-eight years ago. I was—I need not say—something more than glad to have the opportunity of paying this appropriate tribute to the dear memory of one who has done so much for me. The day was—what is so rare at this season—clear and bright, an ideal Italian day, a 'bridal of the earth and sky', and we shall never forget it. * * * I should have said that this was not my first visit to Parker's grave. I was there in September, 1874. Then a curious instinct took me, for I had not read a line of his and did not know that I ever would. Now it is very different, and mingled gratitude and sympathy drew me there."

Geneseo, Ill.—M. J. Miller, who was a chaplain in Logan's army, recently held a memorial service in his church of which a local paper says: "The church was appropriately draped, and in front of the pulpit was a crape-bordered picture of the dead general, and beside it drooped the flag which he had led to victory on many a well-fought field. We have read the eulogies of others as they have appeared in print, but among them all found none more touching, more worthy of the occasion, or more just in their estimates of the life and character of the deceased than that delivered by Mr. Miller. There was nothing of fulsomeness in his eloquent portrayal of the virtues and abilities of Logan, but there was a summarizing of the grand character and achievements of the dead chieftain so grouped and so delivered as to bring moisture to the eyes and carry grief to the heart of every man who fought with him and of every citizen who lived through the trying times of civil war and was in sympathy with the union cause. It was an impressive service throughout, one which extended comment could not fully portray or do justice to."

Madison, Wis.—Rev. J. H. Crooker, of the Unitarian Church of Madison, has issued a neat circular announcing his services from "New Year's to Easter." The subjects with date and hours of morning and evening discourses are given. One exchange is announced for each month; also meetings of the Contemporary Club, of the University Channing Club, of the Ladies' Society, and the Sunday-school, all indicating a healthy and vigorous condition of things in the Madison church.

Chicago.—The audience at Central Music Hall to hear Mr. Jones last Sunday night was the largest yet assembled. Unity Church has started a series of musical services for Sunday evenings.

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